



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stag said. "I'll carry Hannah's Carlyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me goin', folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stag, carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton?"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably. Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Fitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stag surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stag found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambition.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter airs, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunt Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunt Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fingers for some moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almost as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carolyn May was having with her writing.

Finally, he came to the window and spoke to her. "Carolyn May," he said, "what are you writing?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs, is that you?" said the little girl, getting up quickly and

coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't?"

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a



"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are You Writing?"

puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I'm member is in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of peppermint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough.

"I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth.

"Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

The clergyman did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physiology lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping her hands. "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The clergyman's face had grown grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as he thanked her and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again

the text written at the top of the first sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

"To write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier," he murmured as he crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.

With the opening of spring and the close of the sledding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a graduate nurse like Miss Mandy." "I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr. Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter, startled. "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem favorable. You said 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno but you're right, Carlyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Why—cause— Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How'd you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so—so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the



"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?" "You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cherry into the dooryard. "Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It doesn't take much to convince a man that he needs a rest.

MRS. GORDON AUCHINCLOSS



Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, daughter of Col. E. M. House, is to be one of the few American women in the official party of the peace conference. Her husband is with Colonel House in Europe as special assistant for the state department.

LAUDS HUN KAISER

HEARST ORDERS CALL GERMAN RULERS HUMANE.

Propaganda Probe by Senate Bares Pre-War Telegrams Sent by the Publisher.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Government copies of telegrams signed by William Randolph Hearst, giving instructions regarding the policy of his newspapers and their correspondents during the war, were read into the record at the hearing of the senate committee investigating German propaganda.

In a message to the New York American, February 24, 1917, Mr. Hearst outlined instructions to be cable to William Bayard Hale, then a Hearst correspondent in Berlin, who, according to evidence recently produced, was on the German pay roll without Hearst's knowledge. Mr. Hearst said:

"I firmly believe that the vast majority of the people of the United States are entirely undesirous of war with Germany. I believe also that the people of Germany are equally undesirous of war with the United States."

"Under such circumstances I cannot see why the century-old friendship of the United States and Germany cannot be maintained and perpetuated by the high-minded and humanitarian rulers and political leaders of our respective countries."

A message dated March 2, signed "Doctor" and addressed to S. S. Carvalho, New York American, declared that the famous Zimmerman note, in which Germany proposed an alliance with Mexico and Japan, probably was a forgery prepared by the attorney general.

The object of the "forgery," the message said, was "to frighten congress into giving the president the powers he demanded, and perhaps, also, into passing the espionage bill."

The authenticity of the Zimmerman note was admitted by the German government later.

LLOYD GEORGE FOR LEAGUE

Premier Makes First Declaration in Favor of World Combination of Nations.

London, Dec. 11.—Premier Lloyd George broke his long silence with regard to the League of Nations plan. Addressing a large women's meeting, the prime minister said:

"I favor a league of nations. It may not prevent war, but it will make it difficult and trip the steps of the god of war."

This is the first reference the premier has made to the League of Nations project since the election campaign began.

ASKS MARSHALL TO PRESIDE

Vice President Takes Chair at the Cabinet Meeting—First Time in History.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Vice President Marshall took the chair when the cabinet assembled Tuesday, explaining as he did so, that he was acting out of deference to the desire of the president. So far as anyone here knows a vice president never before has presided at a cabinet meeting.

19 War Projects Abandoned. Washington, Dec. 12.—Abandonment of 19 war construction projects, including a number of nitrate and other chemical plants, was announced by the war department.

Find Missing Mine Sweeper. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Dec. 13.—One of the French mine sweepers reported lost in a storm a week ago was seen in Richardson's bay by officers of the Midland Prince, which has arrived here.

Easy With Coblenz. Amsterdam, Dec. 13.—The commander of the American forces in Coblenz has announced that public life there was much as usual and no hampering measures will be taken by the American forces.



The Farmer Receives More Than Five Thousand Dollars a Minute From Swift & Company

This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



**Along the Food Lines.**  
England tries to overcome the fruit shortage by using vegetable marrows for jam. This suggestion might be taken up by housewives of the United States now that sugar is more abundant. Carrots, pumpkins and squash can be used for jam making.

**Genius Walks.**  
"Genius must ever walk alone."  
"Looks that way. 'Most everybody else can afford a car."

**Its Lack.**  
"This is a big world drama which is being played." "Yes, but it isn't drawing any royalties."

**His Trouble.**  
"Has he difficulty in learning English?" "Indeed he has. His difficulty is pronounced."

After putting your best foot forward get there with both feet.

**Necessity is the ballast in our life voyage—Ralph Parlette.**

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

**Sugar in the Philippines.**  
The Philippine Islands are steadily gaining in the production of raw sugar. From crops of 345,077 short tons in 1913, and of 408,339 tons in 1914, the crop of 1917 advanced to 425,266 tons.

**Cuticura Complexions.**  
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment as needed to make the complexion clear, sculp clean and hands soft and white. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

**Too Many for Him.**  
Nipper—Did your rich uncle make any provisions for you in his will?  
Ripper—Yes, he made so many it was impossible for me to live up to 'em and get the money.

**Canada made me Prosperous**

—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

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